

The Star.

VOLUME 4.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1896.

NUMBER 36.

Railroad Time Tables. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 19, 1895.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.

EASTWARD
9:04 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:23 a. m., Baltimore 8:15 p. m., Philadelphia 7:50 p. m. Pullman Parlor cars from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.
3:39 p. m.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m., Baltimore 8:15 p. m., Philadelphia 7:50 p. m. Pullman Parlor cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Washington, with sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

WESTWARD
7:30 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg, DuBois, Altoona and intermediate stations. Leaves Driftwood at 8:09 p. m. for Erie.
9:59 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.
6:27 p. m.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD
FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.
TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Harrisburg 7:30 a. m., Baltimore 9:23 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m., Philadelphia 7:50 p. m. Pullman Parlor cars from Philadelphia to Harrisburg and Baltimore to Washington, with sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 a. m., Baltimore 11:50 a. m., Harrisburg 7:30 a. m., Philadelphia 7:50 p. m. Pullman Parlor cars from Philadelphia to Harrisburg and Baltimore to Washington, with sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

TRAIN 1 leaves Harrisburg at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:50 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
(Daily except Sunday.)
TRAIN 19 leaves Driftwood at 9:30 a. m., Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clemont at 10:40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clemont at 10:30 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. and Driftwood at 12:00 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
SOUTHWARD.
F. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.
12:10 9:30 Ridgway 1:25 8:35
12:18 9:38 Island Run 1:35 8:22
12:28 9:42 Mill Haven 1:41 8:17
12:31 9:52 Croftland 1:41 8:05
12:38 10:00 Short's Mills 1:42 7:58
12:42 10:05 Blue Rock 1:50 7:54
12:44 10:07 Vineyard Run 1:52 7:51
12:46 10:10 Brockwayville 1:52 7:48
1:00 10:22 Brockwayville 1:52 7:48
1:10 10:32 McMill Summit 1:52 7:48
1:14 10:38 Harveys Run 1:52 7:48
1:20 10:45 Falls Creek 1:52 7:48
1:45 10:50 DuBois 1:52 7:48

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.
Eastward. Westward.
Train 12, 7:15 p. m. Train 11, 8:15 p. m.
Train 13, 7:45 p. m. Train 12, 8:45 p. m.
Train 14, 7:55 p. m. Train 13, 9:15 p. m.

PREVOST, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Ag't.

ALTO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after June 17th, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

1:20 p. m. and 5:30 p. m.—Accommodations from Pannatsawney and Big Run.
8:50 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, McJannet, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

8:53 a. m.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Pannatsawney.
1:20 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Eilmont, Carman, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Pannatsawney and Walton.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains from all stations where a ticket office is maintained.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. MCINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.
R. G. MATHEWS, E. C. LAFAY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 26, 1895, Low Grade Division.

| EASTWARD. | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| STATIONS. | No. 1. No. 5. No. 9. 101 100 |
| A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. | |
| Red Bank | 10 45 4 40 |
| Lewistown | 10 57 4 52 |
| Ray Bethlehem | 11 20 5 15 |
| Oak Ridge | 11 30 5 25 |
| Mayville | 11 40 5 35 |
| Juniata | 11 50 5 45 |
| Brookville | 12 00 5 55 |
| Sell | 12 10 6 05 |
| Fallers | 12 20 6 15 |
| Reynoldsville | 1 00 6 57 |
| Clearfield | 1 10 7 07 |
| Falls Creek | 1 20 7 17 |
| DuBois | 1 30 7 27 |
| Wintersburg | 1 40 7 37 |
| Perry | 1 50 7 47 |
| Lyons | 2 00 7 57 |
| Seneca | 2 10 8 07 |
| York | 2 20 8 17 |
| Driftwood | 2 30 8 27 |

| WESTWARD. | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| STATIONS. | No. 3. No. 7. No. 11. 106 110 |
| A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. | |
| Driftwood | 10 45 4 40 |
| York | 10 57 4 52 |
| Seneca | 11 20 5 15 |
| Lyons | 11 30 5 25 |
| Perry | 11 40 5 35 |
| Wintersburg | 11 50 5 45 |
| DuBois | 12 00 5 55 |
| Falls Creek | 12 10 6 05 |
| Clearfield | 12 20 6 15 |
| Reynoldsville | 1 00 6 57 |
| Sell | 1 10 7 07 |
| Brookville | 1 20 7 17 |
| Juniata | 1 30 7 27 |
| Mayville | 1 40 7 37 |
| Oak Ridge | 1 50 7 47 |
| Ray Bethlehem | 2 00 7 57 |
| Lewistown | 2 10 8 07 |
| Red Bank | 2 20 8 17 |

Trains daily except Sunday.
DAVID McGOBB, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.
J. H. A. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

REGISTERED MATTER.

OUR POSTAL DEPARTMENT NOT LIABLE IN CASE OF LOSS.

The Government Does Not Pay Indemnity. The Business Is Decreasing—In Almost All Other Countries Senders Are Compensated For Losses.

No wonder that the registry business of the postoffice department is steadily diminishing! The people are losing confidence in the system as a means of insurance. Though the fee has been reduced from 10 to 8 cents, the number of letters and parcels registered during the last fiscal year was less than 11,000,000. Four years ago the number exceeded 15,000,000 annually. What is wanted is safety, and the system does not give it.

When a mail car or a postoffice is robbed, it is always the registered matter, advertised on its face as valuable, that is taken. In 1890 the postmaster general of the United States advocated the abandonment of registration on the ground that it was "fruitful only of danger to what it was designed to protect."

The remedy is very simple. The government ought to grant compensation for registered letters lost or destroyed. Nearly all foreign countries give such insurance. In Great Britain, for example, the registration fee is only 4 cents, and if the letter is not safely delivered to the addressee, an indemnity of \$10 is paid to the loser. A graduated series of fees is so arranged that the sender of a parcel can insure it up to \$250, this maximum guarantee requiring the payment of 25 cents. The parcel must be marked with its value.

It is stated in the postal regulations of the United Kingdom, rather quaintly, that payment of such insurance will be made by the postmaster general "not in consequence of legal liability, but voluntarily and as an act of grace." Registration of money or jewelry is compulsory; such articles are not permitted to be sent in the ordinary mails. At the same time parcels addressed to foreign parts cannot be registered, though for India they may be insured. The British government pays up to \$10 for the value of any ordinary unregistered package that is lost in its mail service. This applies only in the United Kingdom, and it does not govern at all if the parcel is improperly wrapped or contains eggs, liquids or very fragile articles.

Nearly all foreign countries insure letters and packages up to \$10 in their domestic service without extra fee. On the other hand, no indemnity is paid even for registered mail matter by the United States, Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, British India, Japan and Congo. These are the only exceptions to the general rule. The third assistant postmaster general of the United States in two annual reports has recommended to congress the granting of an indemnity on registered letters and packages not to exceed \$10. This is sure to be done sooner or later.

Turning to the regulations of the International Postal union, one finds that the sender of a registered package to a foreign country is entitled to \$10 in case of loss, unless the latter has been occasioned by "force majeure"—meaning war. This indemnity must be paid by the government that dispatches the package. However, that government may recover the amount from the government in whose territory the loss was incurred.

The adoption by Uncle Sam of an indemnity limited to \$10 would increase the confidence of the public at very little cost. During the last fiscal year 654 pieces of registered matter were lost. Supposing the maximum payment to be granted in each instance, the entire expense of such insurance would be \$6,540 for the twelvemonth. This is a trifle compared with the money gained that would accrue to the government from the increase in the registry business that would follow the acceptance of the indemnity plan. The latter would take from the ordinary mails a vast number of money letters and would make the transmission of such letters much more safe.

The registry system practically prevents dishonesty on the part of postal employees. Every person who handles a registered letter or package must give a receipt for it. If it is lost, the postoffice department can put its hand, so to speak, on the spot where it disappeared. It can go right to the individual who had it when it vanished and can hold him responsible. If it is a case of theft, it is known exactly at what spot search ought to be begun, and the missing package or letter is very apt to be recovered.

It is considered most desirable that valuable packages should be taken out of the ordinary mails, where their presence is a constant temptation to postal employees. Thefts by them involve heavy expenses for detective work, trials, etc. Thousands of people make a regular practice of sending money in the ordinary mails because they believe that the chances of loss are increased by registration.—New York World.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise for temperance.—Addison.

Salt is like good humor—almost everything is better for a pinch of it.

NEUDORF CONVENT PRISON.

Where Austrian Female Murderers Leave the World and Start Life Afresh.

The women in the Neudorf Convent prison were all so kindly in their ways, so peaceful and good humored, they differed so completely from our preconceived ideas of criminals, that we were puzzled to imagine what could have brought them into prison. We had never a doubt but that their offenses were of the most trivial nature, and we said so. The superior gave us one of her odd, humorous smiles.

"Did you notice that woman in the corridor?" she asked. "She is Marie Schneider."

That insignificant looking little woman, who had stood aside with a gentle deprecatory smile to allow us to pass, Marie Schneider! Why, in any other place one would have set her down at once as the hardworking wife of a struggling curate, so thoroughly respectable did she look. And she is Marie Schneider, a European celebrity with more murders on her conscience than she has fingers on her hands!

"And you let her stay here?"

"We have nowhere else to put her," the inspector, who had joined us, replied, "and we don't hang women in Austria."

Nor is she, as we soon found, the only notoriety in the place. One of the prisoners is a delicate looking girl, with large brown eyes and golden hair—a type of beauty almost peculiar to Austrians. She has a low, cooling voice and a singularly sweet, innocent expression.

"What on earth can that girl have done to be sent here?" I whispered.

"Done?" the inspector replied grimly. "Set a house on fire in the hope of killing a man with his wife and five children."

The girl must have had extraordinarily sharp ears, for, although we were standing at some distance away, she heard what he said, and she gave him a glance such as I hope never to see again in my life. It was absolutely diabolic; had there been a knife within reach the man would have died on the spot. Yet only a moment before she had been looking up into my face with a smile an angel might have envied.

Several of the prisoners are in the convent for killing their own children; some for killing or trying to kill their husbands; others for stealing or embezzling; others again for no more serious crime than begging. There are all degrees of guilt there, in fact, and all ages, from girls of 10 to women of nearly 60. And they all live together on terms of perfect equality, for there are no distinctions of rank there—no one is better or worse than her neighbor. When the convent door closes behind them, they have done, for the time being, not only with the outside world, but with their own past. They start life afresh, as it were.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Little French Lesson.

For those who have no knowledge whatever of French the fashion magazines and the menu cards of restaurants bristle with difficulties. When the strange words are ventured upon, it is with fear and trembling—which the result often justifies. The following is a short list of some of the most used and worst pronounced:

Choux (shoo)—A small rosette.
Chic (sheek) is untranslatable, but perhaps "stylish" comes nearest to its fashion book meaning. In its own home the word is slang and considered vulgar. French ladies do not say "chic" any more than we say "nobby"—which word is really its equivalent.
Peignoir (payn-war)—A wrapper as fine as it can be made.
Saute de lit (so-de-lee) being our bath robe.
Cerise (sir-see)—Cherry, hence the name of the color.
Bandeaux (bahn-doo)—Braids of hair.
Soutache (soo-tash)—Braid for trimming.
Riz de veau (ree-de-vo)—Sweetbreads.
Bouillon (boo-yon)—Clear soup.
Menu (mur-new)—A bill of fare.
Roux (roo)—A mixture of butter and flour, which, after being baked, is used to thicken sauces.
Saute (so-tay)—Lightly fried in butter.
Hors d'oeuvres (hear d'arver)—Light dishes as appetizers served after the soup.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not to Be Beaten.

In a certain manufacturing town in Yorkshire it was a common thing not many years ago for skilled workmen to save sufficient money wherewith to build houses for themselves.

A great deal of rivalry existed among these men as to who should have the best house, with sometimes curious architectural results. A and B were two rivals. A having built a house, B, whose turn soon afterward came, determined to "beat" him. So he called in a well known architect to prepare plans.

Asked what aspect he would like to his house, B, scratching his head, inquired: "Aspect! What's that? Has A got one?"

"Why, of course," said the architect. "He couldn't possibly!"

"Then put me on two!" was the prompt and emphatic reply.—Straud Magazine.

The East river, North river and South river, at New York, were named by the Dutch.

Marocco has always been the "land of the Moors."

THERE IS NO NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

Not Even the Labor Day Act Creates One, Say the Lawyers.

There would seem to be no such thing in this country as a national holiday. Lawyers assert that even Labor day, which was set apart by act of congress in 1894 in such manner as to lead the confiding layman to suppose it at least to be a national holiday, is not such outside of the District of Columbia unless by state enactment. The creation and regulation of holidays have been left entirely to the legislatures of the individual states.

The act of congress concerning Labor day was approved June 28, 1894. It provides "that the first Monday of September in each year, being the day celebrated and known as Labor day, is hereby made a legal holiday, to all intents and purposes, in the same manner as Christmas, Jan. 1, Feb. 22, May 30 and July 4 are now made by law public holidays."

Clearly the proper construction of this statute can be arrived at only by reference to the provisions bearing upon the other holidays named. The act making holidays of Jan. 1, July 4, Christmas and "any day appointed or recommended by the president of the United States as a day of public fast or thanksgiving" was passed in June, 1870, and was restricted in its effect to the District of Columbia. These days are holidays in the various states only as they are made so by the various state legislatures.

The act of Jan. 31, 1879, makes Feb. 22 a legal holiday, and the act of Aug. 31, 1888, does the same for May 30, and both are restricted in their application to the District of Columbia. The act referring to Labor day says nothing about the District of Columbia, but it does say that the first Monday of September shall be a legal holiday, "to all intents and purposes, in the same manner as Christmas, Jan. 1, Feb. 22, May 30 and July 4 are now made by law public holidays."

The intent and purposes for which and the manner in which those days are made holidays are expressly limited to the District of Columbia, and so, by necessary inference, is the act referring to Labor day.

The misleading language of the Labor day act has led to a prevalent statement that the first Monday of September is a holiday throughout the United States by congressional enactment.—New York Tribune.

PRANKS OF SCOTTISH FAIRIES.

A Firm Belief in the "Fair Folk" Still Lingers.

There still lingers a widespread belief in the north of Scotland that the "fair folk," or "gweed neebors," as the fairies are called, still live in the hills, and during the first days of convalescence a mother must be zealously guarded lest one of the "wee people" come and rob the child of its nourishment. Sometimes they succeed in carrying off the mother. Here is one of the superstitious legends:

A north country fisher had a fine child. One evening a beggar woman entered the hut and went up to the cradle to gaze into the eyes of the babe. From that time good health left it, and a strange look came into its face, and the mother was troubled. An old man begging for food passed that way. When he caught sight of the child, he cried:

"That's nae a bairn. It's an image, and the gweed folk has stoun his speerit."

Thereupon he set to work to recall the fisher's bairn. A peat fire was heaped high on the hearth and a black hen held over it at such a distance that it was singed and not killed. After some struggling the hen escaped up the inn. A few moments elapsed, and then the parents were gladdened by the sight of a happy expression once more on the child's face. It threw from that day forward.—Scottish Review.

A Dog Pursue Snatcher.

Pointer dogs can always be trained to steal. Many of them are natural thieves without training, and any of the species can be taught. There is a dog of this kind in northwest Washington. He will pick up anything he can find around a yard or outside of a store, but his specialty is ladies' pocketbooks and handbags. When he sees one of these, he grabs it and runs, always succeeding in getting out of sight before he can be captured or followed. No owner has ever been seen, hence no complaints have been made at police headquarters, but there is but little doubt, if it were possible to follow the animal, that it would be found that he has been carefully trained as a purse snatcher and that he takes his booty home to his master. He seems to be aware that he is doing wrong, jumping fences and dodging around houses when running away.—Washington Star.

That Planet Signaling Scheme.

What has become of the planet signaling scheme suggested by the speculative astronomers two or three years ago? If we remember aright, it was proposed to signal the planet Mars by mapping out an immense right angled triangle on the desert of Sahara, cover the same with light combustibles and set fire to it on some moonless night. It was hoped that the Martians would see such a blazing figure and answer with the Pythagorean figure of three squares built on the side of the triangle. The desert is still available, and so are the light combustibles.—St. Louis Republic.

HIS \$100,000 BANK ACCOUNT.

What Happened When a Capitalist Suddenly Met His Bank's Paying Teller.

A paying teller of a down town bank tells an interesting story of a Cuban experience of his. "I shall never forget," he said, "how I nearly sent a man into fits one day last winter, all because I met him unexpectedly."

"I had been planning a little jaunt down to Cuba for some time. As it was doubtful when I should be able to get away from the bank I said nothing about it to my friends or the bank's customers. I had been instrumental in getting a good sized account for the bank—consisting of \$100,000 ones that are hard to pick up nowadays and worth quite a good deal of money to us. I knew the head of this concern, and, in fact, had got the account through him. He told us when he gave it to us that he was in a hurry to get it fixed satisfactorily because he was about to go to Cuba."

"As soon as I was able to get away I sailed for Havana. I staid in the island nearly a month, having a most delightful time and keeping one eye open for my friend of our new account. I was just about ready to start for home when I met him, quite by chance, in one of the Havana shops. When he saw me he jumped back about five feet, as if he had been struck from out of a gun."

"God bless my soul—you here?" he said. "Why, what?" He seemed struck all in a heap. "You here? Good heaven! I had to laugh, and laugh hard at that, for I knew what was troubling him. He was thinking of that \$100,000 balance, and worrying about it—a little. You see, as I was the paying teller of the bank, the thought naturally flashed through his mind that I had skipped with the bank's funds and a large slice of his hundred thousand."

"Of course, as soon as he saw me laugh and his excitement had cooled down a little he began to see the fun of the thing and that he and the bank were safe, after all. We found out we were going home on the same steamer and ten minutes later we walked over to the American consul's office together and got our passports vised. And we had a jolly time of it back on the boat."—New York World.

Great Men and the Presidency.

There is nothing more pathetic in our history than the successive disappointments of great men in the matter of the presidency. They have dedicated their lives to the service of the country with the belief that their labors would surely bring them what they earned, but after all their endeavors, they have been disappointed and the prize has gone to men of inferior merits, as if in contempt of the rules of justice and propriety. There is no way to explain this curious irony of destiny. We only know that it is a part of the established order of things, and no man is great enough to be exempt from it.

In a sense, men of superior ability are always at a disadvantage, by reason of the envy that they provoke and the hostility that they excite, but this should not be sufficient to deprive them of what rightfully belongs to them, as the presidency certainly has rightfully belonged to a number of men who have not been able to obtain it.

The tendency of such a form of government as ours should be to reward public men according to their true deserts and to keep the highest office filled with the best examples of current greatness, but the truth is that it does not thus justify itself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Puppy Fainted Away.

"Speaking of dogs," said Superintendent John Horne of the Mount Washington railway, "did you ever see a dog faint away?" No one had. "Well, I have," said the veteran railroad official, and then he proceeded to tell of a very young pup which was taken from its mother and remained at the signal station on Mount Washington all winter, several years ago. When taken down the mountain in the spring, he met another dog, who undertook to make his acquaintance. "You will observe," said Mr. Horne, "the young fellow didn't remember ever having seen a dog, and doubtless thought the one before him was the only other dog in the world. So he keeled over in a dead faint."—"Among the Clouds."

An Old Colonial Blockhouse.

Among the attractions of the town of Bourne, Mass., are two historic cellars. One was dug by the Plymouth colony and the other by the Dutch traders. These cellars lie side by side, and the structures built over them were filled with goods so necessary for the comfort of the early pilgrims as well as the Dutch. The pilgrims needed manufactured goods such as the Hollander had for sale and the Dutch required products such as the colony could supply. Governor Bradford, in his diary, states that this block house was built as early as 1627, only seven years after the landing of the Mayflower.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

About Girls.

"Girls," remarked the small boy in his composition upon the subject, "is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can behave like several thousand girls. Some kinds of girls is better than some other kinds, but they ain't any of them up to boys. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about 'em the better."—New York Advertiser.

THE WILD GUESE.

The wild geese, flying in the night, behold Our sunken towns lie waterborne a sea Which buoy them on its billows.

Liberty.
They have, but such as those frail backs of old That crossed unsounded seas to search our world.
To them the night unspeakable is free; They have the moon and stars for company; To them no foe but the remembrance cold, And froth of polar currents darting past, That have been nigh the world's end laid of storms.
Enormous billows float their fragile forms, Yes, those frail beings, teeming on the vast Of wild revolving winds, feel no dismay; 'Tis we who dread the thunder, and not they.—James H. Moran in Berlioz's Magazine.

LITTLE KENTUCKY.

It May Some Day Be Claimed as a Part of Tennessee.

Little Kentucky, as it might be dubbed very appropriately, is located opposite Island No. 10, where Kentucky and Tennessee meet. The river, by gradually cutting out the Kentucky bank, had worn off a narrow strip of land, until one bright morning several people who lived on this side of the line woke up to find themselves on the other side. In other words, the swift current had washed away the neck of earth which made the extreme southwestern corner of this state a part of the commonwealth of Kentucky. The section of territory thus separated from its parent, as it were, is ten miles long and five miles wide—quite a good mouthful to take in at one bite, even for the greedy Mississippi.

Every well posted river man and every person who is acquainted with the geography and topography of this state will understand how such a thing could happen. Right at the state line the river forms a loop about ten miles long. The loop extends up into Fulton county. The swift stream has simply drawn this noose tight and formed an island out of what was formerly a peninsula. Hickman is the closest town of any size to the place where all this landmaking occurred. Darnell, a little hamlet over in Obion county, Tenn., is quite near the spot.

The boundary line between Kentucky and Tennessee has always been rather complicated down about Island No. 10, owing to the peculiar bend in the Mississippi mentioned above. The lakes, bayous and sloughs which beset that corner of Fulton county in all directions also serve to mix matters. The biting off of such a large strip of soil will add to the general confusion, and the question may arise as to whether Little Kentucky will hereafter belong to the domain of the Volunteer State or still be a part and parcel of the dark and bloody ground.—Paducah News.

A Hint to Smokers.

Many tobacco smokers consider that little light specks on the wrapper of a cigar indicate a good article. Very few know how those specks get there. If on a hot day, when the sun has been beating down on the tobacco plants, a sudden thunder shower should come up and sprinkle the leaves with the immense drops of rain so common in Cuba, and it should then suddenly clear up, the sun coming out brightly again, the drops of water on the leaves will act as lenses and concentrate the sun's rays, which burn the little specks upon the tobacco.

The tobacco must be ripe in order that the sun may give this effect. On account of the great selling capacity of this sort of wrapper, these spots are made on the cheaper brands by chemical means.—London Standard.

Chevalier Bayard.

The famous Chevalier Bayard, who is held up in all the histories and romances as a model of chivalry, was greatly opposed to the use of firearms, and always ordered his troops to put captured musketeers to death without mercy, as practicing a form of warfare entirely uncivilized and unlawful.

How to Cure a Cold.

Simply take Otto's Cure. We know of its astonishing cures and that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will surprise you. If you wish to try call at our store, Main street, and we will be pleased to furnish you a bottle free of cost, and that will prove our assertion.
W. B. ALEXANDER.

Wasted Energy and Expense.

A new advertising wagon introduced in New York is fitted up with two cylinders which keep revolving, giving a momentary view of various business announcements. There are people who would rather spend \$10 to catch the eye of 3,000 or 3,000 people with a contraption of this kind than invest 50 cents to reach 100,000 readers in a good newspaper.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

North Carolina has risen rapidly in the line of manufacturing states. At present her factories employ 30,314 hands and turn out \$40,375,450 worth of product.

It is not true that equality is a law of nature. Nature has no equality. Its sovereign law is subordination and dependence.—Vanvenargue.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25c., 50c., \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.